

Little Delaware.
The "Blue Hen's Chicken," a leading paper, with a queer name, but having a brave and catholic spirit, informs us, that full and free discussions of slavery have taken place at Wilmington.

Lucrèce Mait- a woman identified with every philanthropic enterprise—with kindred spirit—led in the discussions—says the paper referred to—

"Their whole conduct is so peaceful, so humane, that even those who are not convinced are forced to admire their self-devotion to what they believe the best interest and happiness of the human family. They were listened to with attentive, and cordial audiences, and by large numbers of chairmen or other officers were appointed, we have seldom seen better order observed. This is creditable to our orderly city—we recognize the republican principle, that those who differ from us have an equal right to be heard with ourselves; and that no man is bound to hear what displeases him."

Slaves in Kentucky.

The National Era says:
According to the tables of valuation in Kentucky, the slaves numbered:

In 1846 185,583

In 1847 189,560

In 1840, the slave population, by the census, was 182,072. If the rate of increase should continue till 1850, as it was last year, the slave population of Kentucky will amount to more than 201,000 by the next census, showing an increase greater than for the ten years ending with 1840. Is it not true, that those who would differ from us have an equal right to be heard with ourselves; and that no man is bound to hear what displeases him?"

The hour is at hand. None of us want to see slavery taking deeper root among us. Few slaveholders desire to see the evil increased; a large majority of them want to, and are long, will, if we mistake not their generous purposes, more for emancipation.

Stop, no you please!

The good people of Georgetown, South Carolina, mean to go far enough, though they evidently don't see where. Among the resolutions passed, is this—

Resolved, That the Government of the United States cannot of right interfere with the social or domestic institutions of any State or Territory of this Confederacy.

Very well. We acquire territory in Mexico. By law it is free, and according to this resolve the Government of the United States could not recognize slavery in it. Certainly, if it cannot interfere to remove, it cannot interfere to establish.

Our friends must put on their specs. They did not mean to say what they have said, or if they did, they are not half so mad, politically, as some suppose.

The Circular Again.

The distinguished perpetualists who wrote the famous circular, published in No. 13, of the Examiner, say—

"You cannot but have observed the rapid progress of the anti-slavery spirit for some time past, and the alarming influence it has exerted on the politics of the country, as exhibited at Washington, and throughout the non-slaveholding States of the Union."

In our issue of Sept. 25th, we endeavored to show, that these perpetualists had deepened and extended the anti-slavery feeling of the slave States, and now we desire to show, that they have done the same thing, only to a much greater extent, in the free States.

The policy of the South—granting the position of the Carolina gentlemen, that abolitionism was all wrong—was, not to agitate the subject. The slave States were supreme over slavery within their separate borders; Congress had no power to disturb it where it existed, or create it where it did not exist. It was a fatal policy, therefore, to demand of the people of the free States—to demand of Congress, in any form or shape, as was done from the first, a guaranty of the Constitution.

But this was a blunder; bad, we admit, in itself, and bad in its consequences, taking the view of the perpetualists; but still it was not half so bad as the measures proposed by them, the doctrines they based upon those measures, and the spirit with which they urged and defended both.

1st. As to their measures.

From first to last, whether they related to home or foreign matters, they have been in extreme. Was a tariff deemed injurious to the South? Nothing short of its immediate and entire overthrow would satisfy them! Did the press and pamphlets of abolitionists anger them? Liberty of speech must be denied, and the whole Post Office converted, at once, into an inquisitorial system to arrest their circulation in the South! Were the officials at Washington tricked into the belief that Great Britain was seeking to get possession of Texas? Forthwith an effort was made to persuade France that her interest lay in sustaining the United States, and upholding slavery in the Tropics! Turn which way we may—look at what quarter we please—we shall find, wherever the perpetualists had power, that they exerted it always in its extreme and most offensive form, by proposing and defending measures at once anti-American and ultra. Look at the partial list, as vouched for by the history of the past!

1st. Nullification, with that terrible engine of tyranny, a text book—an engine unknown in any free land.

2d. The denial of the right of Petition—a right once held inalienable in South Carolina, and always regarded as fundamental by freemen everywhere.

3d. A proposition to qualify, and restrict, liberty of speech—to deny to Southern men the privilege of saying what they chose, and to Northern men the right of circulating what they had printed.

4th. The extension of Slavery.

Next, as to the doctrines based upon those measures. These have been, and are, ultra, and not only so; for the perpetualists have put them, invariably, in the most ultra and offensive form. The free States—the people in the free States—have never quarreled with the slave States, or the people of the slave States, for defending the patriarchal or peculiar institution. This was expected. For this, all parties were prepared. But none expected, or were prepared for the avowal of doctrines which despoil defend, and even liberal Princes denounce. This was done. We could fill our paper with quotations illustrating this position; but let a few suffice, as they are fair samples of all, and come from men of high authority.

B. W. LARON, of Va., referring to the institution of Slavery, said:

"The man who depends on his labor for support, is unfit to enter into political affairs."

J. C. CALHOUN, on the same subject declared—

"We regard slavery as the most safe and simple basis for free institutions in the world. It is impossible with us, that the conflict can take place between labor and capital, which makes it so difficult to establish and maintain free institutions in all wealthy and civilized nations, where such institutions do not exist. Every plantation is a little community, with the master at its head, who concentrates in himself the united interests of capital and labor, of which he is the common representative."

GEORGE McDUFFIE, arguing in favor of perpetual slavery, avowed—

"In the very nature of things there must be

classes of persons to discharge all the different offices of society, from the highest to the lowest. Some of these offices are required to be degraded, although they must and will be performed. Hence those manifold forms of dependent servitude, which produce a sense of superiority in the masters or employers, and of inferiority on the part of the servants. Where these offices are performed by members of the political community, a dangerous element is obviously introduced into the body politic. Hence, the alarming tendency to violate the rights of property by arbitrary expropriation, which is beginning to be manifested in the older States where universal suffrage prevails, without domestic slavery."

"In a word, the institution of domestic slavery is a necessary and a salutary element of our political system, and the other appendages of a hereditary system of government."

F. W. PICKENS, denying the first sentiment of the Declaration of Independence, said—

"True, it is an abstract truth but like other abstract truths, it can have no actual existence. I lay down this proposition as a universally true fact: there is not, nor ever was, a society organized under one political system, for a period long enough to constitute an era, where one class of men do not substantially OWN another class in some shape or form."

"All society settles down into a classification of capitalists and laborers. The former will own the latter, either collectively through government, or individually, as a state of domestic servitude, as exists in the Southern States of this Confederacy. If LABORERS ever obtain the POLITICAL POWER of a country, it is, in fact, a state of REVOLUTION."

Last, as to the spirit in which these measures and doctrines have been proposed and defended—

From the start, our friends, the perpetualists were bitter—bitterly and vehemently bitter—against the people of the Free States. No terms of reproach were too strong for them. No language of denunciation was too violent. If the Tariff, if slavery, if any, so called, southern measure, were under consideration, in Carolina, or at Washington, northern men, the northern people—were spoken of as "usurpers," "plunderers," "avaricious speculators," and "swindlers." Nor did Kentucky, even, escape their harsh assault. Who does not remember how Mr. CLAY was hounded down by them? Who is not familiar with the fact that

Dr. McFARLANE was assailed by Mr. McDUFFIE, and every means resorted to, besides, to drive Kentucky into the support of an ultra Southern policy? Who does not know, that the Carolina democracy refused to act with the Kentucky democracy, and that they spurned them as "spoil-seekers"? Towards all who questioned the justice, or propriety of their course—towards the North especially—their treatment was cruel and bitter. They treated them as if they were a meaner breed than those whom they took the hand that smote them!

Let one instance of this spirit be given.

In 1836 the citizens of Charleston and Columbia, and the people of the Parishes, in South Carolina, met in their primary assemblies, and declared that a dissolution of the Union must follow, if the Abolitionists were allowed to go on undisturbed. Mr. Calhoun speaking for them (see Niles' Register, September 5, 1835) avowed that no other alternative was left. Now, though the resolutions of these primary assemblies were harsh and violent, yet the people of the North responded at once and promptly to them. Boston led. Philadelphia followed. The great city of New York closed. In one and in all, the ablest citizens took part—the ablest and the oldest—and in one and in all, "our Southern brethren" were assured by such speakers as HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and Judge KENT, CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE, &c., "that the people of the free States had no political right with the slavery of the Southern States, nor moral right, under any circumstances, to adopt violent or aggressive measures for the purpose of abolishing it." And how were they met? "If they are honest," said the leading press of South Carolina, in a taunting tone, "let them give us some guaranty besides the Constitution." "We demand of you," intently exclaimed Southern members of Congress, "if you mean what you say, that you join us in denying the right of petition." Even this was granted, and then came new territory, and with it the extension of slavery!

Now, with these facts (familiar to all, and part of our common history) before them, let intelligent and high-minded Kentuckians, or Virginians, or Southerners, imagine themselves citizens of Massachusetts or Ohio, or any Free State—and, as such hear harsh measures proposed, harsher doctrines avowed and both pressed in a spirit full of violence and contumely, and then ask how they would meet them? Why, in the very nature of things, such conduct must drive them from the South—drive them into the sternest opposition, to the South, and to an institution which demanded for its support acts so monstrous in their iniquity, and principles so despot in their nature. Such was the effect upon the Free States of the South. They could stand much. They could put up with Nullification as a theory of visionaries, and pardon angry insults as the result of over-excitement. But when wrong was added to insult—when the laboring classes were denounced as serfs, and slavery declared to be the only safe guard of liberty, when the right of petition was awakened in the Free States, a spirit which shook off New Hampshire from her allegiance to South Carolina, but lately has roused New York, to declare for freedom and Free-Soil—and, on this point, will unite all into one firm phalanx.

Shall we ask how have been the efficient agents in this work? The Abolitionists have accomplished much; but, in our humble opinion, the perpetualists have done more. We honestly believe that they have, by the course they have pursued, deepened, fixed, and freed the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the Free States.

"Glorious Victory."

How often do we see these words placed at the head of accounts of bloody battles in which hundreds were killed and wounded, and whole cities ruined! The exception of the news of the victory is followed by joyful shouts, by the firing of cannon, and a thousand other manifestations of gladness. It is well to guard against being carried away by a one-sided view of things. At some of the feasts in ancient times, a skeleton was placed, pointing with its bony finger at the vultures, to remind men of their mortality even in the midst of revelry. Wisdom urges us to take a similar course in other things.

The lofty self-devotion of some who have exposed their lives from pure love of country, has made their memories dear to mankind. But no one who has proper feelings will ever think of fighting for "glory." The true hearted man will regret the necessity which drives him to shed the blood of his fellow-men, as the benevolent officer weeps when called to execute the stern sentence of the law. The time will come, when men will look back and wonder how it was possible that human beings could ever seek for glory in butchering one another. They will view this as we now look on the custom of offering human sacrifices. The one is as barbarous as the other. The savage makes him an idol of wood, and offers up his enemies on the altar; the civilized man makes an idol of glory, and sacrifices his fellow-men to him. "Moloch, horrid king!" was not more "beastarded with blood" than Glory has been.

In the sacrifices to Moloch, the cries of the victims were drowned by "the noise of drums and timbrels loud;" those who sacrifice to Glory have devised many plans to drown the cries of

bereaved fathers and mothers, the shrieks of the widow and the orphan; and too often the shouts of "Glory" have risen above every other sound. Suppose that on the eve of a battle all who are to be affected by it should be collected on the field. In sight of those who are about to shed each others' blood for glory, are the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the wives and children, the friends and loved ones, whose lives are to be rendered miserable by the conflict. If, after the firing of a volley, all the woe it has caused should rise in one scream of agony, who would have the heart to fire again? Ah, it must be a great cause that requires the murdering of our brothers. The patriot warrior should be as pure in heart, as are the angels that surround the throne of God.

He, who makes widows and orphans for mere military fame should have no eagle painted on his banner. The carnal victory that follows in his track should lead him on to "Glory." If a material form were to be selected for the glory which military heroes have worshipped, the most horrible images that have ever visited the dreams of the sick would be too tame for the purpose. As the Grecian artist is said to have selected the most beautiful features from the most lovely females to form his master piece, so the most horrible lineaments from all that is hateful and disgusting, should be blended together in one appalling picture of infernal deformity to stand as a representative of Glory. Her car should be drawn by jackals and hyenas over a road paved with human hearts. Her seat should be formed of the coils of the most loathsome and deadly serpents. The most disgusting birds of prey should flap their wings around her head. The blood of those whom she is devouring should gush from her mouth, and stream down her breast; and all around her should be masses of black and putrefying gore. The only light that attempts to pierce this gloom that surrounds her, should be the red glare from burning cities. Such would be a faint picture of Glory!

The Remover of Evil.

There is no evil that afflicts society which ought to be considered irreparable. Bad institutions have existed in all ages, but it is immoral to follow that they are therefore to be ignored. There is no evil, there is no institution from which flows injury to the world, that is so rooted in the nature of man, or of such monstrous dimensions, that it can resist all efforts to destroy it. Though an institution may arise before the awe-stricken fancy of persons like a Gibraltar, and though the enemies of truth and right may have firmly entrenched themselves within its defenses, its overthrow should not be despair of. Bring the right sort of energy to the task, and let a sufficient number of hands be employed in the labor, and the time-defying pyramids of Gizeh may be razed to their foundations.

There is a deplorable infirmity which afflicts too many well-disposed persons—people who deeply regret the existence of evils of great magnitude, and fancy that because of their magnitude it is useless to attempt their removal. Now, this is the very reason why they ought to be warred against—why they should be immediately attacked with vigor, and their extermination decreed. It is weakness and irresolution in an individual to fold his arms and refuse to make war on an evil because of its formidable extent. The heroism of a true-hearted man is vitalized in the presence of great obstacles, and his soul burns with irrepressible ardor to attack and overcome them. Such a man does not think that because an enterprise is surrounded with many great difficulties, he ought to content himself with sighing and uttering lamentations. Whimpering is a very poor substitute for work—it can accomplish no good, but well-directed labor is always followed by good results.

The old doctrines of fate and destiny are nuisances, which every enlightened mind ought to regret as debasing. They answered very well as foundations for the machinery of Greek tragedies, but they are unsuited to the hearts of champions who deem reforms practicable. The Musselman says that it is the will of God that things shall take place as they do, and will not lift his hand to avert any evil however threaten. Evil is the result of man's perverted nature, and it is the business of man to remove and utterly to extirpate all that former wrong-headedness and wrong-headedness have introduced. Crime and oppression have always degraded and depressed society, not because it is the will of heaven that they should afflict the world—not because the Great Supreme needs them as means by which He can secure a greater amount of good to His creatures than would otherwise be within their reach, but because men have rebelled against His will, and have entailed on themselves the punishment which always follows a departure from or trampling on His laws. It is a very poor philosophy, indeed, which teaches that the evils that afflict society are necessary to whatever good society enjoys, and that because human turpitude in past ages has subjected us to vast penalties, we ought continually to regret them, and not gird on our armor to attack and to overthrow them.

There are many very good people who tell us that such is the magnitude of African slavery, so wide and profound is its baleful shadow, that we ought to despair rather than undertake its removal. It is sheer cowardice to permit the vastness of an evil to appal the soul. The deeper and more deplorable it is, the greater is the necessity why it should be attacked. We despise the slavery of fear, and scatter to the winds that miserable prudence that induces timid men to crouch in the presence of an evil because it is great. The cause of emancipation in Kentucky is a noble and glorious cause, worthy to fire the souls of heroes, and worthy of the blood of martyrs. It cannot be promoted by regrets. It calls for able hands and honest hearts, and thank God, there is a host of heroic men in our State whose souls are panting to expend their best energies in the great struggle which is approaching, on the issues of which hang the life or death of slavery. They are not appalled at the extent of the evil; on the contrary, their courage expands whenever they reflect on the vastness of the difficulties which they have resolved to overcome. All the signs of the times promise for these champions of truth and justice one of the most signal victories that ever won the smile of heaven, and filled the hearts of good men with joy.

Population of the Italian States.
Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Despotism 8,000,000
Sardinia, Despotism 1,000,000
Papal States, Liberal 2,700,000
Tuscany and Lucca, Liberal 1,700,000
(The Duke of Lucca, a creature of Austria, has abdicated in favor of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, an ally of the Pope.)
Parma, Despotism 400,000
Modena, Despotism 500,000
Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom (Austria), Despotism 4,700,000
Total 23,000,000

This is a population nearly equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland. The Italian States comprise about 18,000,000, and of these it will be perceived about 10,000,000 are under the government of Princes who have exposed the liberal cause.

Temple-Belief.

"I used," said Lord Sidmouth, speaking of the wars in which England had been engaged during his time—"I used to think all the sufferings, was lost in his glory; now I consider all his glory lost in his sufferings."

Steamboat Accidents! Fearful Loss of Life!

The Tempest and the Tallman came in collision ten miles below Cape Girardeau, and some forty or fifty souls perished! The Tallman sank; most of her passengers and crew were asleep at the time—it not being day-break when the accident occurred—and awoke only to find their heads beneath the waters!

The steamer Caroline, from Pittsburgh, for Pearl River, burst one of her boilers near Shaw- neetown; Mr. Peacock, a passenger, was killed, and four deck hands badly scalped, one of whom has died. The boiler was defective. The iron of which it was made was thin—we suppose being old, and, possibly, worn out by use in other steamers!

Now, let us ask, what legal steps will be taken to ascertain how these accidents occurred? Who will move on the subject? Here are some sixty people hurried out of existence, on the public highway, not by tempest, or lightning, or any uncontrollable cause, but by collision and the bursting of a boiler! If this was the result of carelessness, it is murder. There is no use in mimicking the matter—it was that, and only that; and yet we shall have passenger-cards, and explanations, and the end of it, we fear, will be, that nobody was to blame!

This will not do. Every accident of this character ought to be thoroughly investigated; the cause fully and clearly stated; and if life has been carelessly sacrificed, the parties making that sacrifice should suffer. We trust the Western Press will look well to this matter. They ought to speak out upon it untruly and strongly.

The Ball in Motion!

The people and papers of West Virginia are discussing, and beginning to prepare for, emancipation. A friend, who is deeply interested in Dr. Ruffner's efforts, and who was among the first to go for County action, writes us—

"Letters are pouring in upon us from East Virginia praying us 'not now, not now,' while letters are coming to us from all quarters of West Virginia, which say, 'now, now.' There is, of a surety, no mistake in the feeling here. West Virginia is for freedom—nothing more nor less."

Glad of it, friend! But don't fear about the East. That cannot stand still—won't stand still—will go ahead for freedom as sure as the West does. Don't you hear the Norfolk Herald—say, the Norfolk Herald—away down East among the slaveholders, and a sturdy fighter for them, talking about "market-bearing freemen," "hardy, industrious, tax-paying" citizens, and is saying out loud, and in church, too, that Virginia must have these, is "destined," that's the word used, (and who can control destiny?) "one of these days," to have them—and adding, besides, "the sooner consistently with reason, the better?" Why, the Old East will start up, and be herself by the time West Virginia makes her demand.

Very true, respectable men here and there, and trusty platters all about, exclaim, "O don't, don't!" That's natural. It is a sort of maiden coyness which would have us press on, yet not to be too forward. They won't quarrel, defend on it, with them, or men, who go for emancipation, nor hold back long even in seeming opposition to them. Just start the ice, let them hear the cracking sound, and the startling noise made by some wide fissure, as good honest heat, break out the siber waters, announcing the thaw, and the sure coming of the spring tide of freedom, and they will peal out the loudest cheers, and give the heartiest blows for action. Don't fear, then, their hurried objections, which, at first, come thick and fast. They will be right, at the right time, and in the right way, and give an honest, helping hand.

Very true, also, the Press in East Virginia, a portion of the Press, at least, half suspicious, half afraid, not knowing exactly what to say or do, may put aside regret, assail, misrepresent even the movement in West Virginia. What then? Why they don't mean what they do say. Now here's the Richmond Whig (that speaks out and out, always), which acknowledges the receipt of Dr. Ruffner's address. Does he denounce it? Not at all! Does it sneer at his plan? Not a bit of it! It is very busy—it has no time to look into the matter—and so it pleads that "now" is not the hour, and that the measure may be put away till a better time. Harsh!

"We have got yet half a century to persevere in," says Dr. Ruffner's address, and we, therefore, have reference to the peculiar nature of the subject itself and to the circumstances of the times, rather than to his manner of treating it, when we express our regret that Dr. R. has deemed it proper or necessary now to open his discussion at all."

Very fair, indeed! Kind and considerate withal! The Richmond Whig does not commit itself on the general subject. It has not had "leisure" to examine the plan—but it is "the peculiar nature of the subject," which makes it say "not now." And pray, when will the particular nature of the subject change? When will it grow less difficult, less embarrassing? We need not be uneasy—the South need not disturb itself; if the home subject is left to it, as it will be, if the slave States, having long the exclusive legal control, say, "we will cautiously, wisely look into this matter, and do justice, exact even justice, as far as the case will admit, to black and white."

And as for the "circumstances of the times"—what are they? Well, they mean. In Kentucky, and Virginia, our young men have a sort of palpable opposition about the chest, as if they longed for free exercise, and that sort of open air, breathing which, makes a man feel fresh and strong, and our old men expect and wish them to take it. Will they harm us? Can they injure their native land? Never fear! They snuff air off the glorious heights of liberty, and will have them. "The circumstances of the times." What means the Whig? Presidential elections, political scheming, and matters connected with party success? Never mind! One year more—less than that, indeed—will settle all these immediate matters, and without emancipators in Virginia or Kentucky meddling with them, and this being so, what is there in the circumstances of the times to dread?

We can tell the Whig, that the great danger is, not in controlling these circumstances, when it can be done—that the only danger, is, not in meeting the occasion as it ought to be met—that disaster, inglorious defeat, must follow and will follow that man, or that party, who filters, fears, equivocates, when either or both should be firm, courageous, and frank as well as courageous.

"It is not proper or necessary now?" When will it be either? Who shall determine? Vain! conclusion! Idle as well as vain! It is not Dr. Ruffner—it is not this man or that who starts the discussion of emancipation—it is the spirit in the mass of our population—the deep earnest heart-impulse of the real voters, which demands, and will have freedom. Talk, then, of the peculiar nature of the subject! Tell us of the circumstances of the Times! Pretend to reason from either, that this West Virginia move is neither proper nor necessary? Why, necessarily, a sense of right, "the felt and acknowledged wrong," demands that slavery should be looked into—discussed, acted upon, and such is the fast conclusion of the Press and People of West Virginia. Listen to the Wallburg, West Va., Herald in reply to the Whig:

"As might be expected from 'Eastern Virginia,' they regret that 'Mr. Ruffner has deemed it proper and necessary now' to open discussion upon a question of so much importance to their

present system of retrograding. 'Now' is open discussion. 'Now' is the 'circumstances of the times,' &c. 'This' is true there is something very peculiar about the subject, and there is also something in the circumstances of the times. But Virginia has the power in the Legislature. She has made heavy appropriations for Eastern improvements. She still wants the power, and she is now anxious for the improvements. These are the circumstances of the times, if agitated in the West, may throw the balance of power west of the Blue Ridge. In that event, Mr. Ruffner's address would, to our friend of the Whig lose its peculiarities."

"Now open discussion." Why this particular period? Is there anything peculiar in the inquiring West Virginia? Does he ask why it is that West Virginia has the greatest number of white inhabitants, and still remains in the minority in the Legislature? Does he ask why it is that West Virginia does not receive her proportion of improvements, &c.; or does our Eastern friend see something peculiar in the proposition of a Convention on the census of 1850, that he so much fears the 'agitation' of the mighty waters?"

The Ball is in motion! It is rolling on, and if we are true to duty, it will sweep all before it.

A Visit.

The United States Senator Princeton made a visit last month to Cogoleto, the birth place of Columbus. Her officers, and the party accompanying them, were heartily welcomed by the authorities. They visited the house of Columbus, and one of them thus describes it—

It is a strong, well-built mansion, standing on the beach, inhabited by a revenue officer, and devoted on the first floor to the social purposes of a cafe, where the villagers, who have a few soldi to spend, assemble at times to talk over the glory of their great citizen.

While the party were standing in the room in which Columbus is said to have been born, it was proposed to erect a bust to him in the church where he was baptized, and which at that moment was ringing out a merry chime in honor of the great discoverer. The proposal was received with universal exclamations of joy; and on the spot the resolution was made to do it. The sindaco told the party, who received the joyful news with shouts of enthusiasm and gratitude. They had long desired to see some monument erected to Columbus; but the poor fishermen, who chiefly compose the population, had never felt able to do it, and no foreigners had ever proffered them aid.

The party afterwards proceeded to the town hall, where they were shown an ancient portrait of Columbus. From thence they went to the church in which he was baptized, and examined a number of other objects connected with the history of the great discoverer. On leaving, the Princeton gave a gun for every State in the Union, and the salute was returned from the village cannons.

Irishmen.

Unhappy land! There seems for it, during the coming winter, no hope of relief. Thousands of her people hang round for food; who shall help them when earth is covered with her snow-blanket, and the chill of winter finds them without food? May God deliver the poor Irish from their troubles!

The better classes are forming themselves into societies, and the Catholic clergy are uniting to devise measures of relief. The latter were assembled in Dublin, when the steamer left, for this object. The Pilot reports their proceedings as follows—

"Their Lordships have unanimously agreed upon a memorial, which they will present to the Government has not been, we believe, decided, setting forth the condition of the Irish poor, particularly in the South and West. They intend to the prospect of coming famine, as well as to the sufferings induced by present destitution. They represent the necessity of prompt measures of relief, to provide against the future, as well as to prevent the spread of the distress which at present exists. We believe the memorial will also refer to the relations subsisting between landlord and tenant; and also, probably, allude to the effects of the Gregory quarter-acre clause; which, in the North especially, is depriving and will deprive of his land every small holder compelled to apply for relief under the poor-law. Their Lordships, we understand, have this important subject still under consideration."

"Their Lordships have unanimously decided on an address to His Holiness the Pope, expressive of their thankfulness for his favors toward Ireland, and his liberal sympathy for the Irish people in their distress. Their Lordships also, we understand, congratulate His Holiness on the wisdom of those allocations in which he has condescended to the world his comprehensive principles of reform and liberty, based upon religion and sustained by morality and peace. Their Lordships, too, concur unanimously in the wise policy of which His Holiness has given the example in his own states, and express an equally unanimous desire for the success of the great Pontiff's reforms."

The most appalling destitution exists in various counties. Eight hundred families in and around Milltown Malbay are without the means of getting food, except the precarious one of digging the potato field a second time. In all the southern counties, notices are posted up, that whoever takes corn to market dies. No farmer dares sell his own. No transporter dares drive a load away. Several who have attempted it have perished, and it is avowed that the people will have corn at their own prices.

Mr. Dahony, in addressing the people of Tipperary, says—

"The famine which swept away the people by thousands in Cork, Galway, and Mayo, never reached the West of Ulster, where there are immense numbers of small farmers, but they are protected by the salary, wise, and beneficent custom of tenant right, which we ask to be adopted. Will every locality in your county adopt that custom as far as you can do so without violating the law? (Cries of we will.) Will you take counsel together, how you can quietly and peaceably insist on the enforcement of that law? Will you be willing to cheer to-day from a distance to hear speeches and hear whatever sentiments may be agreeable to you, is not the way to secure your ends. Your object can only be effected by each of you endeavoring in his locality to carry out the resolutions of this meeting. Let each man teach those principles to his neighbor, show him the true way to independence and comfort, and say to him, 'Here is your home, improve it, raise yourself and do not quit it.' (Cheers.)"

The sole title that a landlord has to his property is the title that the law gives him. That he has no title except the law can abridge or nullify that title. Surely the law can say—'This property is to be yours, subject to the condition, that the tiller of the soil shall have a perpetuity as enduring as your own. I wonder much at the landholder who says that the law cannot interfere with the rights of property. This law has already interfered with a higher right of property than that of the land-owner. It has taken away from the landowner his resource but he has not taken away from the tenant, at least 5,000 persons looking for each farm that is to be let."

It is difficult to say what will be the result of things in Ireland. But this is certain, that Parliament will have to go to the root of the evil, and by a just legislation remove the ills which beset her, and crush her people to death. She has so long sought to support twice the number of people that inhabit it. She has resources enough, if developed, to furnish an abundance for all! Why, then, are one half her people starving? How happens it that thousands upon thousands have not the means to buy the food on which they live? Some say sneeringly, "it is their fault." Not so! For in Ulster—in the North—where a just system of rent prevails, there is no distress—no suffering. The fault is with the lawless Parliament, and we hope that body will prove English philanthropy to be a real, substantive thing, by doing full justice to Ireland!

Specie.

The total exports of specie from the United States for the month of November, it is believed, will not fall short of two millions of dollars, and will, of course, produce a corresponding effect on the money market and the operations of the Banks.

A Calculation Ahead.
The price of cotton—this is an important question, and an able writer in the Boston Advertiser is furnishing material for an answer. The stock on hand, in England, at mid-summer, was heavy, on Sept. 30th, 603,000 bales. The cotton crop, at an average, will run up to 2,200,000 bales; nine years ago, it was 2,171,335; an increase in a like ratio of former years would make the crop, this season, 2,300,000 bales. Supposing no increase from India, the following results are predicted:

Supply of Cotton for Europe and the United States, for 1848.

Stock in the ports of Europe on the 31st Dec. 1847.	600,000
Crop of the U. States, 2,200,000	
Remains of the old crop, 31st August, 1847.	214,837
	2,414,837
Receipts in Europe from countries other than the United States.	420,000

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Song for the Season.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is dimming its gleaming brow;
The willow tree weeps with a gloomy frown;
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown;
"Tis true we all know that Summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our
caves;

But we'd rather be watching the wild rose bloom,
Than be counting the coloring of Autumn leaves!
Look high, look high, there's the laced-wing fly!
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is linked mid the boughs of the sun-
tipped elm!

Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clo-
se waives,
And many a spirit like thine will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night-glow-bow,
And the restless forms in hectic red,
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead!
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have
been
Painted and painted, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen,
With despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, the morn breaketh upon
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hues,
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old time of green beauty
is bereft.

With the fruit of good works for the Planter to
see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Au-
tumn leaves!
Merrily pour, as it stings and sears,
The West wind over the land and seas,
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
Seeming no longer a mischievous breeze!
So made is bliss, till it meeteth a breast
That is probed by the strain, while Memory
grieves

To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves!
Not in an hour a leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;
By gentle approach, the frost and the shower,
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!
And so is man made to pass peacefully away,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that the
heaven,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-
cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of human hearts strewn thickly o'er,
With joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every yearning for a better life,
But the soil is bare, where the branches are shed,
For the furrow to bring forth fallow leaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!

The Trust of Friends.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend—
Of all we ever had the chief!
A friend, who watches from above,
When'er in Error's path we tread,
Still sought us with reproving love,
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every change and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth voice and shade,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves;
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unbroken, unbroken trust;
If this truth would only be known,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest soul;
But in each need, His hand doth lend;
That friend, that true friend, is God!

The Religion of Paris.

Speaking of my friend, the Abbe, brings to mind his character and pursuits. He used to remind me of that good Abbe of Ile de France, who advised and consoled with the widowed mothers, and who figures in a long black robe, and broad-brimmed hat, in all the illustrated copies of "Paul and Virginia." But, my friend did not wear habitually his Church uniform, for his care had been a large one in the country, and he had come like all Frenchmen, to the city for relief; he has even ventured upon a nice haunch of mutton with me upon Friday. For all this, he had far higher respect, and love for the spirit and observances for the Religion of the Metropolis, than I ever had myself.

Religion at Paris, always seemed to me more of a sentiment than a principle:—that is to say, their Religion has more the quality of a feeling, than the earnestness of absorbing duty. Except at times of funeral, one sees few earnest faces in the Parisian churches; they, the worshippers, do not leave wholly their gaiety at the door. They listen to the prayer and to the discourse, attentively;—rarely can you see more of attention; but it seemed to me always an attention fixed upon the eloquent lapse words, or some sweet mental image of the Virgin; an attention made grateful by the presence of the pictures, and the groined arches overhead, and the fragrant odors of burning herbs;—an attention, it may be most devout, with some fancied or real presence of God in the soul; but very rarely the attention of what Protestants call "a broken and contrite heart."

No people would be so intolerant of unadorned churches and poor preaching, as the Parisians. Nor would they altogether fancy the scolding habit of the Scotch presbytery; they mean to be happier after a service than before it. Why a man should go to church to come away sadder, is what they cannot comprehend. I remember that Madame de Sevigne, in one of her letters to her daughter, gives this admirable comment upon one of the sermons of the great men of her time:

"Il fit le signe de la croix, il dit son texte; il ne nous granda point; il ne nous dit point d'injures; il nous pria de ne point craindre la mort, puis qu'elle était le seul passage que nous eussions pour ressusciter avec Jesus Christ;—nous fumes tous contents." Ninon d'Enclos might have heard the same doctrine, and said as much of it, and as truthfully. And it is true of a great many discourses, which have not the redeeming excellences of Bourdaloue.

There is no such thing as Religious bigotry known at Paris,—this would seem strange to a man fresh from such pleasant reading as the Chronicle of St. Bartholomew. St. Germain l'Auxerrois is still standing, and its tower is still standing, from which, on that dreadful August night of 1572, went out the first signal for slaughter;—but at the foot of it now, as you enter the door, an old man, with a gray shock of hair is standing, and sprinkles Holy water on you, from his horse-hair brush. Innocent-looking priests glide up and down upon the pavement, and the sunlight streams through the stained windows,—and it seemed to me, as I saw it flickering in rainbow colors over the gay columns,—a sort of token, a new "covenant with promise" that no such Bartholomew slaughter should come again.

Every man in Paris seems satisfied with

his own Religion, and very careless about his neighbor's. Every sect follows its peculiar observances without hindrance; nay,—the very church where the most zealous Calvinists worship, was granted them by the crown, and enjoys a stipend from the Government. Scarce is there a Protestant church in the kingdom but receives some degree of administrative support. Even the first man in authority in the realm—M. Guizot, is a Protestant. And amid all the hatred to that minister is subjected, by his peace policy,—one hears no odium thrown upon his Religious belief.—This is a thing apart—a thing speculative—a thing for noble reflections—a thing to lend a little mystery to verse—a sublime episode to life—a thing to render beauty attractive by adding devotional sentiments—a thing to add a little grace to companionship, by an unseen, but fully accredited tie;—little else of Religion is recognized at Paris.

The Sunday at Paris is richly illustrative of the Religious tendencies of the people. It is the festive day of the week. The authorities give their finest military displays in the court of the palace;—the fountains of the gardens play in their best style;—the shops windows wear their richest appearance;—the theatres show their best pieces; and the galleries of art are crowded with their gayest company. Yet it is not forgotten by the Parisians that the day has a sacred purpose. At the morning mass,—at an hour when many good Protestant people are dallying with sleep,—the pavement of Notre-Dame, and the Madeleine is covered thick with kneeling worshippers, who say their beads, and say their prayers with the earnestness of true devotion.

I have many a time leaned against one of the beaded columns of the Madeleine, when the sun was just beginning to throw slanting rays through the windows of the roof, and listened meditatively to the broken chanting by the altar, or watched the corners, as they dipped their fingers in the Holy font, stepped lightly along the marble floor, crossing themselves as they passed opposite the altar, and bowing to the sacred image,—showing a single rapid glance over the kneeling company, then stooping gently till their knees met the marble pavement, and began their silent worship.

Perhaps it would be some poor girl, seizing those early hours, before the employ of the shop began, and hoping by the favor of the Virgin, under whose image she prays, for a happy stroll at evening with her lover, under the trees of the Champs Elysees.—Perhaps it is some lady in rich dress, with gold-clasped service-book,—for there is this Religious beauty in the Catholic Church, that rank and wealth lose themselves amid the "crowd of witnesses," and there—the Countess kneels, with a beggar woman kneeling beside her,—and they beg together for Grace.

Perhaps it is a gay postillion, in his crimson-faced coat, who now comes tip-toeing along, looking grave, and crossing himself, and kneeling in a humble place, and gazing steadfastly upon the image of Christ that is over the altar. For a little time, his soul seems absorbed in the view, but now his eyes wander over the frescoes of the ceiling—the little bell tinkles—he remembers himself, and bows his head. Now he rises and wanders stealthily to the door,—dips his hand in the Holy water,—turns his face to the Virgin,—bows—goes softly out—and in an hour thereafter, is shouting French oaths to his horses, on his way to the borders of France.

Perhaps it is a stout Sergeant-de-ville, striding about with his chapeau under his arm, that meets your eye. His looks wander over the kneeling forms. He is least religious of all. If he prays, it is hurriedly, as if it were not his business, and he kneels, as if he rarely knelt. The people come and go, till the sun is fairly up in the sky, and the crowd disperses.

Sunday is the great day at the Cafe, and Restaurant; on no other day are their gains so great. The savings of the week, are lavished upon the indulgences of Sunday. Whoever dines upon a knuckle other days, luxuriates in a fricandeau on the *Dimanche*. Whoever dines at moderate prices the six days, dines at the *Trois Freres* the seventh; and who drinks ordinary wine the rest of the week, on Sunday orders the best.

The garden of the palace is full to overflowing.—Versailles is crowded with Parisian company, and the Gallery of the Louvre on no other day is so thronged with visitors. The stall-men of the Champs Elysees, with their cakes, and games, and swings, drive their best bargains on Sunday.—the neocromancers, and sleight-of-hand men under the trees, are always at work on Sunday. The public balls are fullest—soldiers are plentiful along the walks—omnibuses charge double prices;—and the public conscience seems lighter upon Sunday than any day of the week.

Parisian Religion with all that is good in it—and its tender devotional sentiment is good, and its charity and liberality are good, has yet very little about it of that sturdy self-denial for "conscience sake," which makes the Protestant Religionist moral. Indeed, so much is Religion at Paris a sentiment, and so little a principle, that it seems to adorn even profligacy; and the poor girl, thrown loose upon that luxuriously rolling side of Paris life, with eyes fearful before the Virgin in Notre-Dame—prays for constancy; and would as soon be without her crucifix, as without her lover.

Of the priesthood, there are without doubt very many who are vicious, and perhaps as many—certainly many, who are pure.—There are, it may be, many worthy, and well-meaning souls, in valleys of New England—possibly in other valleys—looking ever on Papacy as a scarlet-clad harlot, or a spotted beast, who will not accept even a Protestant testimony, to the fact, that human sympathies sometimes dwell under a Papal priest-robe. Yet however sad the truth may seem—it is even so. Nay—Orthodoxy itself, sometimes lifts up its voice in Papal pulpits at Paris; and I am sure I have heard as honest doctrine as that of Massillon, in the discourses of to-day; and he who looks on Massillon as an unbeliever, has something to unlearn.

But the strong Protestant may find pure doctrine at Paris, beside such may be won from Romish sermons, through the colander of his prejudices;—in the very heart of the city, at the Oratoire, may be heard, every Sunday, the sternest Calvinism. The seats are always full: there are Swiss faces, and Saxon faces, and not a few French faces; and the hymns that are sung so quietly, and yet in so heartfelt a way, offer grateful contrast to the astounding music of the church of St. Eustache.

There is the little chapel of that Church of England which sends its Chaplains to every capital of Europe, and which offers

up its prayers for Her Majesty, and the realm, under every sky, and on every sea. A bishop reads those prayers at Paris; and one may listen—an American wanderer may listen—to good, sweet, home-sounding English, in performance of those sacred offices, which, if he be of New England education, are bound up in some measure with his being.

Religious truth is not so closely treasured in the hearts of the Parisian world, as that its ministers can exercise any considerable control over the public feeling. Intercourse between clergy and laity, seemed friendly and familiar—rarely dictatorial on the one side, or slavish on the other.

Many a time have I been with the good-natured Abbe, of whom I have spoken, on his parochial visits;—for there were some sheep of his old flock, who had found their way, like himself, to the Capital. At the top of five pairs of stairs in a dark street near the Louvre, in a very old hotel, lived a quiet, deaf man, who had seen the Swiss guard shot down in the palace balcony, from his own window—who wore a grizzled brown wig, and the seams of sixty years in his cheeks; yet the old gentleman always bustled about in the liveliest possiblity, whenever the Abbe paid him a visit. A matronly-looking woman, in spectacles, the mistress of the house, always arranged a big arm-chair for the Abbe, and the three friends used to discourse together, and the tabby cat to purr upon the hearth—for all the world, as if they were true New England gossips; and just as three old people might do, who study Canticale and Catechism, instead of Confessional and Creed.

The old, deaf man, prided himself on speaking six or seven words of English very fluently; but whenever I got beyond—good night, Sir,—or, fine day, Sir, his deafness grew upon him wonderfully.

A letter had come in one evening from a young English girl, who had been a protégée of the old man's, but who had now gone back to her home. The Abbe translated it for him; it was a sweet letter, and touched the old man's heart; and I shall never forget the expression, with which, when the letter was ended, he repeated her name after the Abbe, and said—*cherie fille!*

I did not then know the story of her association with the old man, or it would not have seemed so strange; it was told me afterwards, and if I was not writing notes of travel, I should take the trouble to set it down.

Clerie was a noble-hearted young fellow; another friend of the Abbe's, the only son of a wealthy gentleman, who lived some thirty leagues in the country. He was studying for the priesthood at one of the Parisian colleges; poor fellow! he never served his priesthood here.

I had come back from the Auvergne, full of life, and went through the old corridor in the Rue de Seine, to see my friend the Abbe. He opened the door softly, and wore his priest-robe, and a solemn look; he shook my hand warmly, but pointed to a gray-haired man who was writing in the corner, and put his finger on his lip.

Who is it? said I.
Clerie's father, said he.
And where is Clerie? said I.
He died last night! and the Abbe put his finger on his lip, and turned to the old man. The old man was writing to his wife, telling the mother how her only boy was dead. It was hard work to do it. No wonder that he bit the end of his quill; no wonder that he pressed his hand hard upon his forehead; no wonder the Abbe put his finger on his lip.

So, thought I, Death's gripe is very much the same thing here, that it is everywhere; else, and Religion, whatever it be, and however it soften, can not take away wholly the edge from human sorrow.

Mais il est heureux—but he is happy; said the Abbe; *il avait un bon cœur*—he had a good heart.
And so there are a great many good hearts in Paris, though the Religion, as I said at the beginning; and the Abbe must pardon me; always seemed to me the more of a sentiment, than a principle.—*Fresh Gleanings, &c.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—It used to be the fashion to say that English—our own cartilaginous tongue, as a quaint writer styles it—is an unmusical language; and even Byron, whose own melodious verses show the infinite power and variety of our language, does not, in one of his moments of impetuous caprice, hesitate to describe it as

"Our harsh northern, whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all."

Yet this is most ludicrously untrue. English is to the full as noble and copious a tongue as that "miraculous language," the ancient Greek, and like it the appropriate vehicle to give forth to an admiring world, "Man's towering thoughts in lofty language dressed."

Besides, with the solitary exception of the Greek aforesaid, which is beyond all criticism, and compare, it is the most musical of languages that the children of clay have ever yet learned to use. That is to say, when properly and fully pronounced, judiciously read, or wisely and feelingly recited. But the fact is, not one in every ten thousand—hardly, peradventure not one in every hundred thousand—know how and feel how to do justice in reading or recitation to our English tongue. Men may learn most things abroad in schools and colleges; but he secret is to read English well, the boy must learn to read at home, under the guidance of gentle and accomplished parents, who know how to read themselves, and have music in their souls. Read well, and you will disclose passages to the charmed ear in prose and verse—in Bacon, in Boringhame, in Burke, in Shakespeare, in Spenser, in Milton, and, in a host of others, the leaders of our mighty literature—which are altogether unequalled in fervor, grace, and melody, except in Greek.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

PUNCH says: It may be proper to state that the distinguished personage, known among the ancients by the name of *Cupid*, has recently changed his name to *Cupidity*, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money, as well as love affairs. It may be as well to state that he has exchanged his darts for dollars, as he now finds the jingle of the latter quite as effective as the keenness of the former.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

The vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves: but they have no idea of your excellences, to which they have no pretensions.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

Mirth.
BY MISS JAMES GRAY.
Joyous and happy creatures—
Bosoms of earth and air—
Free children of the woods—
Bright glances o'er the floods,
Your homes are everywhere;
Dear are ye, and familiar to the heart,
Making of nature's loveliest things a part.

Ye are upon the mountains,
With proud and lofty flight;
Ye are upon the heath,
The dear blue heaven beneath,
Singing in wild delight;
The rook doth utter, and many a nest,
Amidst the leagues by the lake, doth rest.

Ye skim the restless ocean,
White-plumed, like fairy things;
Ye haunt the inland river,
And the weeping willows quiver
With the rustle of your wings;
Through the pines your homeward way ye take,
Or drop to your lone nests in bush or brake.

To you men bringeth gladness—
The first red flush of day,
Breaking your rest, appeals
Unto your hearts—
The silent song, that lay
Like dreams, within you through the quiet night,
And now bursts freshly forth to hail the light.

You slumber with the sunset—
Scarce doth the day wax dim—
Scarce doth the first star glitter,
When from your nests you twister
Your happy rhymer hymn:
Like one who, to the woods her lone way wing-
ing,
Fills the deep night with her impassioned sing-
ing.

Solemn woods at midnight,
When through the leafy shade,
Scarcely a moonbeam finds
An entrance where the winds
Stir through each green arcade;
But doer to you that softest solitude,
Where on your rest no mortal may intrude.

And joyful is your waking,
Amidst the sighing trees,
In the sweet main hours,
When smile the opening flowers;
What woe or sorrow doth oppress you?
Ye seek to what ye deem a sweeter sound,
As though a crowd of worshippers stood round.

Ye are the poet's emblem,
So doth his song grow free—
So winged and glad his spirit,
Doth his high gift inherit,
Beneath clear skies, and if they darken, keeping
Song ever in his heart, though it be sleeping.
Sleeping, but not forever,
Still to new life it springs.

When hear ye sweet lull doth waken,
And care and fear doth flee—
Like dew-drops from his wings;
And 'midst the flowers and trees with sunshine
glistening
He hath his own reward, though none belist-
ning.

A Seaman's Observations in a Crowded Street.

Captain Cuttle, also, as a man of business, took to keeping books. In these he entered observations on the weather and on the currents of the wagons and other vehicles, which he observed, in that quarter, to set westward in the morning and during the greater part of the day, and eastward towards the evening. Two or three stragglers, appearing in one week, who "spoke him," so the captain entered it—on the subject of spectacles, and who, without positively purchasing, said they would look in again, the captain decided that the business was improving, and made an entry in the day-book to that effect: the wind then blowing (which he first recorded) pretty fresh, west and by north; having changed in the night.

AN ABROGAT HUSBAND: THE FIRST WIFE AND THE SECOND.—Towards his first wife Mr. Dombey, in his cold and lofty arrogance, had borne himself like the removed being he almost conceived himself to be. He had said "Mr. Dombey" with her when she first saw him, and he was "Mr. Dombey" when she died. He had asserted his greatness during her whole married life, and she had meekly recognized it. He had kept his distant seat of state on the top of his throne, and she her humble station on its lowest step; and much good it had done him so to live in solitary bondage to his own idea. He had imagined that the proud character of his second wife would have been added to his own, would have merged into it, and exalted his greatness. He had pictured himself haughtier than ever, with Edith's haughtiness subservient to his. He had never entertained the possibility of its arraying itself against him. And now, when he found it rising in his path at every step and turn of his daily life, fixing its cold, defiant, and contemptuous face upon him, this pride of his, instead of withering or hanging down its head beneath the shock, put forth new shoots, became more concentrated and intense, more gloomy, sullen, irksome, and unyielding than it had ever been before.

Who wears such armour, too, bears with him ever another heavy retribution. It is proof against conciliation, love, and confidence; against all gentle sympathy without, all trust, all tenderness, all soft emotion; but, to deep stabs in the self-love, it is as vulnerable as the bare breast to steel; and such tormenting festers rankle there as follow on no other wounds, no, though dealt with the mailed hand of Pride itself, on weaker pride, disarmed and thrown down.

Such wounds were his. He felt them sharply in the solitude of his old rooms, whither he now began often to retire again and pass long solitary hours. It seemed his fate to be ever proud and powerful: ever humbled and powerless where he would be most strong.

To the moody, stubborn, sullen demon that possessed him his wife opposed her different pride in its full force. They never could have led a happy life together; but nothing could have made it more unhappy than the willful and determined warfare of such elements. His pride was set upon maintaining his magnificent supremacy and forcing recognition of it from her. She would have been racked to death and have turned but her haughty glance of calm inflexible disdain upon him to the last. Such recognition from Edith! He little knew through what a storm and struggle she had been driven onward to the crowning honor of his hand. He little knew how much she thought she had conceded when she suffered him to call her wife.

A DEATH AND A BURIAL.—A shadow even on that shadowed face, a sharpening even of the sharpened features, and a thickening of the veil before the eyes into a pall that shuts out the dim world, is come. Her wandering hands upon the coverlet join feebly palm to palm, and move towards her daughter; and a voice—not like hers, but like any voice that speaks our mortal language—says, "For I nursed you!"

Edith, without a tear, kneels down to bring her voice closer to the sinking head, and answers:

"Mother, can you hear me?"
Staring wide she strives to nod in answer.
"Can you recollect the night before I married?"
The head is motionless, but it expresses somehow that she does.
"I told you then that I forgave your part in it, and prayed God to forgive my own. I told you that the past was at an end between us. I say so now, again. Kiss me, mother."

Edith touches the white lips, and for a moment all is still. A moment afterwards her mother, with her girlish laugh and the skeleton of the Cleopatra manner, rises in her bed.

Draw the rose-colored curtains. There is something else upon its flight beside the wind and clouds. Draw the rose-colored curtains close!

Intelligence of the event is sent to Mr. Dombey in town, who waits upon Cousin Feenix, (not yet able to make up his mind for Baden-Baden,) who has just received it too. A good-natured creature like Cousin Feenix is the very man for a marriage or a funeral, and his position in the family renders it right that he should be consulted.

"Dombey," says Cousin Feenix "upon my soul, I am very much shocked to see you on such a melancholy occasion. My poor aunt! She was a devilish lively woman."

"Mr. Dombey replies, 'Very much so.' 'And made up,' says Cousin Feenix, 'I am sure, on the day of your marriage, I thought she was good for another twenty years. In point of fact, I said so to a man at Brooks's—little Billy Joper—you know him, no doubt—man with a glass in his eye?'"

Mr. Dombey bows a negative. "In reference to the obsequies," he hints, "whether there is any suggestion—"

"Well, upon my life," says Cousin Feenix, stroking his chin, which he had just enough hand below his wristbands to do; "I really don't know. There's a mause, um down at my place, in the park, but I'm afraid it's in bad repair, and in point of fact, in a devil of a state. But for being a little out at elbows I should have had it put to rights; but I believe the people come and make pic-nic parties there inside the railings."

Mr. Dombey is clear that this won't do. There's an uncommon good church in the village," says Cousin Feenix, thoughtfully; "pure specimen of the Anglo-Norman style, and admirably well sketched too by Lady Jane Finchbury—woman with tight stays; but they've spoilt it with whitewash, I understand, and it's a long journey."

"Perhaps Brighton itself," Mr. Dombey suggests.

"Upon my honor, Dombey, I don't think we could do better," says Cousin Feenix. "If you see the spot, you see, and a very cheerful place."

"And when," hints Mr. Dombey, "would it be convenient?"

"I shall make a point," says Cousin Feenix, "of pledging myself for any day you think best. I shall have great pleasure (melancholy pleasure, of course) in following my dear aunt to the confines of the—in point of fact, to the grave," says Cousin Feenix, failing in the other turn of speech.

"Would Monday do for leaving town?" says Mr. Dombey.

"Monday would suit me to perfection," replies Cousin Feenix. Therefore Mr. Dombey arranges to take Cousin Feenix down on that day, and presently takes his leave, attended to the stairs by Cousin Feenix, who says, at parting, "I'm really exceedingly sorry, Dombey, that you should have so much trouble about it;" to which Mr. Dombey answers, "Not at all."

At the appointed time Cousin Feenix and Mr. Dombey meet and go down to Brighton, and representing in their two selves, all the other mourners for the deceased lady's loss, attended her remains to their place of rest. Cousin Feenix, sitting in the mourning coach, recognizes innumerable acquaintances on the road, but takes no other notice of them, in decorum, than checking them off aloud, as they go by, for Mr. Dombey's information, as "Tom Johnson. Man with cork leg, from White's. What are you here, Tommy? Foley on a blood mare. The Smalder girls"—and so forth. At the ceremony Cousin Feenix is depressed, observing that these are the occasions to make a man think, in point of fact, that he is getting shaky; and his eyes are really moistened, when it is over. But he soon recovers; and so do the rest of Mr. Skewton's relatives and friends.—*Dickens's Dombey and Son, for October.*

BULGARIAN LADIES.—We were much startled in the course of the morning by the most terrific screams, which were suddenly heard to issue from the cabin, and made us all fly to the rescue under the belief that the Bulgarian ladies had somehow sustained some frightful injury; but we found that the whole disturbance had been produced by the entrance of a waiter amongst them when they were all unveiled; and when he was questioned as to the cause of his intrusion, the origin of this tremendous uproar proved to have been rather amusing. They had turned the cock which let off the water, and had seemingly been much amused at seeing it flow in consequence; so much so, that they let it run till it had positively flooded the whole cabin, and the streams of water, passing under the door had shown the waiter in the passage what was going on. He called, shouted, and remonstrated in vain from the outside, and finally, in despair, had burst in upon them to rectify their error. I paid these poor women a visit this morning, and I was much struck, amidst all the untutored savageness of their nature, with the refinement of tenderness which they displayed towards their children; but, in all, indeed, the only channel in which all the deepest and purest feelings of human nature can flow for them, they are prisoners and slaves, debased from society, from knowledge, almost from the light and air; they know nothing of the world without; and this is the only one of earth's kindly ties from which they are not altogether cut off; from their parents they are generally separated young, their brothers they never know, their sisters are sent to another haven. Occupations they have none beyond dyeing of their nails and the painting of their eyebrows; and the excitement attendant on the difficulty of making the fine black lines meet precisely at the proper place is, I presume, their greatest amusement. It is, therefore, in the exercise of their maternal affections alone that they can lavish all that has been given in all hands to a woman's heart of devotedness and energetic love. The care and sympathy for others, which form her chief enjoyment of life, and those powers of endurance which make her, weak by nature, yet so strong when called upon to suffer for another, make all vain and useless for the barren slave, were it not for the poor little helpless being who, clinging unconscious to her breast, prevents the blessed well of tenderness within from closing altogether.

Sketches among the Greeks and Turks.

A country surgeon, who was bald, was on a visit at a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him a considerable time, the doctor said, "You see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig." To which the servant replied, "True, sir; but an empty brain requires no thatch."

INSECT ARCHITECTS.—The ground-spiders may be ranked among the wonderful native architects of Australia; they are of various sizes, and differ in their color, form, and markings. They hollow a circular hole in the earth, adapted to the size of their body, and more beautifully formed and perfectly round than any engineer with all his scientific instruments could have made it. Within, it is nicely tapestried with the finest web, woven closely over the wall of this subterranean withdrawing-room, the depth of which I never accurately ascertained, as at a certain distance they seem to curve, or perhaps lead into a side-cave, where the feelers of fine grass I have introduced could not penetrate. Some of these tunnels terminate at the surface with merely a slight web spun over the grains of soil close to the aperture, as if to prevent their rolling into it; the holes being from one-sixth of an inch to an inch in diameter. Some of them boast the extraordinary luxury of a front door; these I imagine to be rather first rate kind of spiders, and their doors are as beautiful instances of insect skill and artifice as any that our wonder-teeming world boasts, nothing but the most accurate previous knowledge could induce any person to fancy they could perceive any difference in the surface of the soil; but, perhaps, if you remain very still for some minutes, the clever inhabitant will come forth, when you first perceive a circle of earth, perhaps the size of a wedding ring or larger, lifted up from beneath, like a trap-door; it falls back gently on its hinge side, and a fine, hairy, beautifully pencilled brown or grey spider pops in, and most probably pops in again, to sit just beneath the opening, and wait for his dinner of flies or other eatable intruders. Then we see that the under side and the rim of his earthen door are thickly and neatly webbed over, so that not a grain of soil can fall away from its thickness, which is usually about the eighth or tenth of an inch, and although so skillfully webbed below, the upper surface preserves exactly the same appearance as the surrounding soil. The hinge consists also of web, neatly attached to that of the lid and the box. I have the greatest respect and admiration for these clever mechanics, and though I very often, with a bent of grass or a soft green twig, try to persuade one to come up and be looked at (which they generally do, nipping fast hold of the intrusive probe), I never was guilty of hurting one. I have picked very large ones off the ground that the plough had just turned over, and have carried them to places unlikely to be disturbed; and I generally have two or three particularly friends among them, whom I frequently take a peep at. They often travel some distance from home, probably in search of food, as I have overtaken and watched them returning, when they seldom turn aside from hand or foot placed in their way, but go steadily on at a good swift pace, and after dropping into their hole, put forth a claw, and hook the door too after them, just as a man would close a trap-door above him when descending a ladder.—*Mrs. Meredith's New South Wales.*

There's an uncommon good church in the village," says Cousin Feenix, thoughtfully; "pure specimen of the Anglo-Norman style, and admirably well sketched too by Lady Jane Finchbury—woman with tight stays; but they've spoilt it with whitewash, I understand, and it's a long journey."

"Perhaps Brighton itself," Mr. Dombey suggests.

"Upon my honor, Dombey, I don't think we could do better," says Cousin Feenix. "If you see the spot, you see, and a very cheerful place."

"And when," hints Mr. Dombey, "would it be convenient?"

"I shall make a point," says Cousin Feenix, "of pledging myself for any day you think best. I shall have great pleasure (melancholy pleasure, of course) in following my dear aunt to the confines of the—in point of fact